

This is my Love Come into my Arms!

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A DIALOGUE between Sophronius and Philobelus.

The Second PART. 23

Well met, *Sophronius*: Where have you been lurking these so long Years; and upwards to what

Soph. I have been to take care of my concerns in *Utopia*; and (as it happened) to transfer my Effects from thence.

Phil. When I last parted with you, I remember you rais'd a Discourse concerning that Place, which hath ruin'd my Head ever since; and made me extremely desirous to see you again.

Soph. Then I hope you have considered of that Discourse, as I desired you.

Phil. Considered, say you? I think it is high time for us all to consider; if it be not too late to consider: Things are here at a strange pass, I wish I could say, not in a desperate condition. But pray what made you leave *Utopia* at this time? I have heard that place highly commended.

Soph. Indeed I have known the time could have commended it as much as any Man; the Soil pleasant and fruitful; the People just, hospitable and generous; the Courts of Judicature honourable for Justice; and nothing wanting to make Life comfortable. But now all things are turn'd topsy turvy, and it's nothing like the place it was.

Phil. Why? Pray what's the Matter? Sure they can never be so mad in any other place, as with us.

Soph. How Matters are with you I yet know not; but some years since none there would have thought such a Change possible. The very Earth seems to mourn; there is neither Truth nor Honesty amongst the Inhabitants; no Promises or

Oaths can bind them; you go in most danger from your bosome Friends; all Persons are jealous of each other; and the greatest part with all their Might and Main are pulling Destruction on their own and all others Heads; and are fond of it; and (which seems to make the Matter remediless) a shameful *Usurper and Foreigner* is made their King, who hates them, and can never be safe but in their Ruine, or Slavery at least.

Phil. This is bad indeed; but I warrant you think you have mended the matter with coming over hither.

Soph. I hope so; for certainly a Man cannot find out a worse place than this is now.

Phil. I will not be your Security for that. I rather fear that by that time you have been here some while, you will think you have leap'd out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Soph. God forbid! But pray, Sir, inform me a little how Matters go with you here.

Phil. That is needless; for a little Conversation will soon inform you of the State of our Affairs, better than any Relation can do: But in the mean time let me advise you to keep a close pair of Chops, not to trust either your Father or your Child; look well to your hips; and in a short time you will see Reason for this Advice, and a great deal more.

Soph. God defend me! What a mad World is this, when a Man knows not where to go to live safely or honestly! But, good Sir, explain, for I am all on

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fire to know what new World I am come into, though it be my own Country.

Phil. No, no; you will hear and see it every day; you may learn it from every Poet, but beware of Information from a Knave. Besides, the Story you were telling of *Utopia* hath been hitherto so like it, that I begin to grow suspicious, that the Progress of your Tale will prevent me and every body else.

Soph. But you ought to be so civil to a Stranger, as to grant his Request in the first place.

Phil. I am not uncivil, nor would you be pleased that I should grant it; for you know it is the Privilege of Travellers to have all the Talk, and the Curiosity of others makes them impatient, till they are gratified with the Stories of their foreign Observations; therefore in short I am resolv'd I will have it out of you: But since in your former Discourse you told me much of the Revolutions in *Utopia*, which seem'd to you to be as impious and unjust, as they were strange and wonderfull; before you proceed I would intreat you to discover (what you can) the Springs and Causes of that Revolution.

Soph. Well, since you are resolv'd, I think it will be most for my Ease to satisfy you as speedily as I can: But you put a hard task upon me; for the Cause of such a prodigious turn of Affairs lay deep under Ground; and there are many which Time hath not yet brought to light.

Phil. Do not think I would put such an unconscionable Task upon you, as to require more than you know, or can with fair probability conjecture.

Soph. Well; since you are become pretty reasonable, take what Account I can give you thus. *Benignus*, King of *Utopia*, was well beloved by his People, (except it were by a brood of *Republicans*,

who of late much infest that Kingdom, and love no Kings,) and indeed he was a Man of admirable Parts, vast Experience, but given to his Ease, and by all means avoided the Fatigue of Business, though no Man did it better, nor more dexterously, when he would look towards it: But he dying suddenly, and without any legitimate Issue, left all his Dominions to his Brother *Constantinus*. There never were a pair of more loving Brothers, though of strangely different Tempers; for *Constantinus* as much gave his mind to Business, as his Brother had done to decline it; a better husband with the Revenues never sat upon the Throne, a Lover of Justice, punctual to his Word, ambitious to advance the Honour and Interest of his Kingdoms, and in short a Prince endowed with all Royal Qualifications, and seem'd born for Government; so that for some time all Persons were as big with Expectations from him, as from any Person who ever came to the Crown.

Phil. You amaze me: How could such a Prince miscarry?

Soph. One would not think it could be easily; but they have a Saying in *Utopia*, That one Drachm of Colloquintida spoils the whole Pot of Passage. There had been in his Father's time the most unnatural Rebellion that ever the world knew, wherein the best of Kings was barbarously murdered by his own Subjects, and *Constantinus*, then very young, to preserve his Life was convey'd into a neighbouring Kingdom, where of course, and unavoidably he was instructed and brought up in the Religion of that Nation, which was irreconcilable with the Religion established in *Utopia*, and indeed hateful to the generality of all Persons in all the Dominions belonging to it; but being early imbibed, and having taken root with time, he was as tender of his Conscience, as jealous

lous of his *Honor*; and when he came to to the Throne would not change his Religion, though so hatefull to his People.

Phil. What then? So far as I can gather by the circumstances of your Story, though that was his Misfortune, yet it was his Peoples Fault; and could it seem reasonable to depose him for his *Conscience*, and their own *Crime*?

Soph. I am glad to hear you talk so much like a Christian, whose Principles at our last Meeting you seem'd either to have forgotten, or never well learn'd: But though his Religion gave too advantageous an opportunity to *Knaves*, and their Instruments, *weak Men*, to undermine him; yet that alone had never done it, had not other fatal Circumstances concurr'd; and therefore I must intreat your Patience whilst I relate them, till I can bring them to this again.

Phil. I am willing to have Patience; but I must confess I devour your Story with so much Greediness, that some would call it Impatience.

Soph. Pray contain your self what you can, and I will be as short as I can, tho' shorter than the Nature of the Thing will well bear.

Phil. Pray, Sir, go on.

Soph. Well; then you must know that the unfortunate but brave *Constantius* had two Wives, the latter at this time bearing her share in his Afflictions; the other was an *Utopian* Subject, and by her he had two Daughters, *Asurge* and *Placidia*; and these being so near of kin to a Crown that could have mated any, if not all the Princes in that Quarter of the World, had been Matches for the greatest Princes whatsoever, but that both their Uncle *Benignus*, and their Father *Constantius*, seem'd likely enough to have other Children. But whilst these things were doubtful, by the kindness of their Uncle *Benignus* they were both married,

Asurge to *Philotimus*, Prince of *Angora*, and *Placidia* to *Gregorio*, Prince of *Nadia*.

Phil. It seems then that *Philotimus* had the Honour to marry the eldest; pray what was he?

Soph. Your Question is not impertinent, for on him depends the greatest part of our Story: He had little to recommend him to that Match, save that he was the next Relation of the Family; for his Territories, from whence he deriv'd his Title, were in the Possession of another Prince, his other Possessions were not very considerable; he was indeed by far the greatest and most powerful Subject of the *Gallimaufrians*; and was with all a Man of boundless Ambition, barbarous Cruelty, implacable Malice, pernicious Contrivance, and (which you will say is a Riddle, tho' the poor *Utopians* at this time find it true by Experience) a Person both insatiably covetous, and prodigiously profuse.

Phil. You do not give the kindest Character of him that ever I heard: But pray what are those *Gallimaufrians*, among whom you said he was the most powerful Subject?

Soph. Truly they are every thing, any thing, whatever is for their advantage.

Phil. Hey day! I am never the wiser for this: Pray give me such a Description as may at least give me some little understanding of them.

Soph. Why then you must understand, that these *Gallimaufrians* were Subjects to the Predecessors of *Pauperantius*, King of *Thinland*; and pretending Breach of Privileges, by that (which some are unwilling to call Rebellion) cast off the Yoke, abjured their Master, and form'd themselves into a popular State; which is not one entire thing, but several States, or petty Republicks, like *Sampson's* Foxes, tied Tail to Tail, and firmly united by Necessity and Iniquity.

Phil. An odd sort of Government; and yet methinks it looks like that of a People cross the Water, for whom not long since I had no small kindness, and can scarce forget it yet.

Soph. It may be so; but to proceed: These *Gullinassians* in all their Distresses were relieved and upheld by the *insatiable* *Druid* *Whipians*, till in the end by *Industry* and *Industry* they arrived to that height as to become their Competitors, and are now in manner their Masters. Without Trade the *Whipians* cannot live well, but the *Gullinassians* without it cannot live at all; and the *Whipians* having Advantages enough (if they had either Wit or Courage to use them) to keep them under, the *Gullinassians*, who are sufficiently sensible of it, are for that very reason, both by Interest and Inclination, their eternal Enemies, and as well in Peace as War are ever labouring to supplant them; for nothing binds them but their *Superstition*. Religion they have of all sorts among them, but the belief they are of none, for it is never suffered to stand in the way of their Profit. And yet they have this Advantage, let them do what Mischief they will, you can never sustain it on the whole Herd, many of which will pretend either *Ignorance* or *Opposition* to it, though they will certainly take the benefit of it. But as for particular sets of Rogues among them, they will commonly shuffle it to and fro, till they have lost it.

Phil. Certainly, *Sophronius*, you are rousing; for I cannot think there are such a People on Earth, at least they deserve her. But pray pass to something else, I desire to hear no more of them.

Soph. You must not hear my Story then; but to humour your queamish Stomach at present, I'll leave them a while, and return to *Philomus*, who having (as I told you) married *Astorge*, he was con-

tinually buy'd up by *Bonignus* and *Constantinus*, and by the help of his own Arts, added to their Favour and Assistance, he soon arrived to that Interest and Power amongst the *Gullinassians*; as to procure two of greatest Eminency among them; of whom he was jealous, to be torn in pieces, in a more barbarous manner than can well be related; after which, notwithstanding his Protections and Oaths to the contrary, he had, in a manner, swallowed up their Freedom, and become their Master. But his Ambition not stopping there, he at the same time plaid Tricks with *Bonignus* and *Constantinus* (who too much favoured him,) by cherishing *Factions* in *Utopia*, and encouraging all and false Representations of his Uncle and Father-in-law among the Subjects of that Kingdom, which he did hope in time might work those wicked Ends he hath since obtained.

Phil. You tell a strange and wonderful Story; but could not People see through such palpable ill Artifices?

Soph. Some few did; and some could not; but none so blind as they that would not see. For such Reports seeming to make for the Designs of Discontents and Republicans, they against their own Consciences vouched them, and industriously spread them. But all this prevailed little, till the fatal Scene of Affairs opened, wherein all things concurred to effect the Ruine of the *unfortunate* *Gullinassians*.

Phil. Oh! pray let me know what that could be, and be as short as you can; for I am variously affected with your Story, greedy to hear it, and grieved at the Villany of it.

Soph. I am afraid I shall seem tedious, though I lose the greatest part of the Story. To use then all possible brevity, know that *Constantinus* coming to the Crown with all Advantages imaginable,

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another Blessing befell him, which might have crowned all the rest, had a right Use been made of it; his *Queen Tolerantia* was delivered of a Son, the onely thing the *Utopians* could have wish'd to have made them happy; for thereby they were not onely secured from the *Reign of Foreigners*, who neither understood their Constitutions, nor could have that kindness for them as a natural born Prince of their own; but his Education being granted to them, their Religion (which they have in a manner lost for fear of losing it) would have been secur'd, and the Interest both of Prince and People would have been the same. This *Philotimus* knew, and seem'd to carry all fair, whilst his Blood boiled within him; and never was Tyger robbed of her Whelps in a more furious Rage, than he to see himself thus cut off from the hopes of a Crown, which he had already devoured in his Thoughts: And now underhand he sets all his Pioniers at work to undermine his *Father and Brother*, when on a sudden Circumstances on all hands happened to farther his Designs, even beyond his hopes: For about that time *Magnanimus*, K. of *Slavandria*, a Prince of large Dominions, vast Treasure and Revenues, undaunted Courage, strong Judgment, and indefatigable Industry, at once makes War both upon *Perplexus*, Emperor of *Regomania*, and *Panperantius*, K. of *Thinland*, and several other petty Princes, whom I will not trouble you to name.

Phil. But how affects this *Constantius*?

Soph. Have patience, and you shall presently perceive it. Almost all the neighbouring Princes enter into a Confederacy to oppose *Magnanimus*, and break his formidable Power and Strength; and to this End they had all cast their Eyes upon *Constantius*, as the onely Prince who was able to turn the Balance, and put

a stop to the Proceedings of that mighty Monarch; nor did they guess amiss.

Phil. Well; and would he not undertake this?

Soph. No; and he was much in the right of it.

Phil. How so?

Soph. Why, he was in perfect Peace with all his Neighbours; and it seem'd unjust to him to make a breach upon *Magnanimus*, who not only gave him no Cause, but courted his Friendship. He had also other strong Inducements; for he thought it imprudent unnecessarily to engage in a War, wherein he might hazard much, but could gain little: Besides, by preserving a Neutrality, the greatest part of the Trade of the World must of course have fallen into *Utopia*, which would have prodigiously enriched his Kingdoms and People, and much increased his own Revenues; and by this means being plentifully stored with Men, Money, Shipping, and Ammunition, and all things requisite for War, in case *Magnanimus* had gone on too successfully, he could with more Honor and Advantage have put a stop to his Proceedings, when Necessity seem'd to require it.

Phil. I cannot see but that this was wisely enough projected.

Soph. Truly I think so too; but there were other Failures spoiled all: For the confederated Princes seeing they should be disappointed of his Assistance, that they might by any means gain *Utopia* to their side, conspire with the discontented *Philotimus* to raise him to the Throne, and depose his *Father*. And it is there confidently reported, that even the *Muffs* of *Lavinia*, whose Religion *Constantius* had espoused to the extreme Dislike of his Subjects, was at the bottom of this Plot against him.

Phil. This seems to be a most hellish Design; but how could they effect it?

Soph. Why, truly neither their Tricks nor their Force had been able to move him, had not he himself, unfortunately made the Work too easie, by losing the Hearts of his Subjects, which was thus: He manifested a strong Zeal for the *Musliman* Religion, to which his Subjects were bitter Enemies, upon which account they grew extremely jealous of his Resolutions; and to help this forward, whereas his Brother toward the latter end of his Reign had overcome great Difficulties, and left the Kingdom in a kindly Disposal towards an entire Uniting, both in Religion and Interest, *Constaninus* unhappily unravels all, and lets the whole Herd loose, without any Order or Keepers, who in the end to requite his kindness turn upon himself; which shews how dangerous a thing it is, either *quiescere*, or to lay the Reins on their Necks, who can neither govern themselves, nor are willing to be governed by others. But it was not the least Evil that befell him, that the *Escopian* Party, who had all along been the most faithfull Subjects to him, and all his Predecessors, and whose Religion was established by the Laws of *Utopia*, were utterly averse to these Proceedings: But to bring them to his Bow, he imprisons several of the *Escops* themselves; and it was wonderfull to see how Crowds of People, who at other times could not afford them a good Word, were ready to adore them as petty gods, when going to Prison; so ready were that giddy People to take all advantages to reproach their Sovereign: And still to encrease the Discontents he displaced the ablest Ministers of State, and many considerable Officers in the Army, who would not comply with his Desires, and entertain'd others that were nothing acceptable to his Subjects. And though there were many good and able Men about him, yet he was chiefly led by

them whom he favoured for their Religion, who for the greatest part were Persons that had neither Interest nor Honesty, neither understood the state of the Kingdom, nor had Brains to manage it, but were wholly bent to compass their own Ends, though to the manifest hazard of his and their own utter Ruine.

Phil. Foolish and ingrateful Wretches! But do you think that he design'd to have establish their way.

Soph. No. Beside, I think it impossible for him to have done it; and so it appeared, the Point being plainly gain'd against them, even while he sat on the Throne. Some particular Favour I am apt to think he design'd those of his own Way, but his real Design I believe was Liberty to all; partly in Tenderness, partly in hope of Inviting in all sorts of Persons to encrease Trade: But he took his Aim amiss; for the generality of the People looking on it as a Design to introduce *Muslimanism*, and being continually instigated by Persons engag'd in the Plot, who perpetually affrighted them with most dreadfull Representations of it, though he at last did all he could to undeceive them, yet they would never believe him; which was the principal thing that cost him his Crown, and had like to have cost him his Life.

Phil. A dolefull Story! But were all Men affrighted, both out of their Honesty and Understanding? Did the *Escopians*, who you say had been always loyal, forsake him?

Soph. No. Many honest Men stood in a Maze, and utterly at a loss; and by reason of a Jealousie or Defection in all parts, the Revolution coming on like a Whirlwind, those who were most desirous, were not able to afford him any considerable Assistance: As for the *Escopians*, those who were truly such, were firmly loyal to him, and still continue so, and

and many of them have lost their Estates on that account; and when I lately left *Utopia*, they were the only haraſſed and persecuted People there, even the hated *Musiſians* themselves being infinitely better used. But to be plain with you, the former Troubles in *Utopia* had spawn'd a mongrel Brood of *Shifters*, which some called *Latiſudinarians*; a sort of Men of whom you would think that Butter would not melt in their Mouths, and yet Cheefe will not choak them; these crowded in among the *Eſcopeans*, when restored, and having possessed themselves of Places of Trust, and the best Preferments, they kept a watchfull Eye over all the loyal *Eſcopeans*, to keep them at an under; and those that were above them they deluded by their dissembling Arts, till by letting in only Men of their own Way, and debauching the Understandings of others, they had in a manner corrupted the whole *Utopian Church*; and these and their whole Gang, even when they might have stemm'd the Tide, in the plain field forsook their King, and all the loyal *Eſcopean* Principles, and presently declared for the Worship of the rising Sun; and now having got all into their hands, they impudently in their Pulpits preach away God's Commandments, and bespatter and persecute every thing that is good or honest.

Phil. Shameless Villains! May divine Vengeance overtake them. But yet you do not tell me the Fall of that unfortunate Prince.

Soph. I am just now come to that dismal Scene, which would make even an Heart of Stone to ake, that had any Remains of Honesty or Pity in it. Whilst the Nation through the Miscarriages of some, and the Wickedness of others, was thus working into the highest Ferment, so that nothing moderate could be expected, *Philotimus* was not idle, but plied

his opportunity with all advantage; and with him combine vast numbers even of the most considerable Persons in the Kingdom, who were either enraged with Discontents and Disappointments, or possessed with Jealousies and Fears; so that *Philotimus* was got into the very Councils of *Constantius*: The most powerful Officers of his own Army (than which none were ever paid better, nor more kindly used,) were in the Plot against him; and those whom he had raised from nothing to great Dignities, those whom he took to be his fastest Friends, those who protested, promised, vowed, and made shew of the greatest Fidelity to him, were at that very time contriving and impatient to betray him. As soon as things were brought to this pass, *Philotimus* takes the Nick of Time, and being assisted by the faithless *Gallimaufrians* with a large Fleet, and some Land-forces on Board, sets sail for *Utopia*.

Phil. But had *Constantius* no Fleet to oppose them?

Soph. Yes, a sufficient one to have made the young Spark dearly repent his Attempt, if the Men had behaved themselves like true *Utopians*; but partly by Miscarriage, partly by a Conspiracy of the Officers against the Admiral (who was honest) to throw him over-board if he offered to fight, nothing was done; so that *Philotimus* safely landed in the occidental parts of *Utopia*, but with such a parcel of *Tatterdemalions*, such Foot as were fitter to make Scare-crows for Gardeners, than Soldiers for a Prince; and such Horse as were not much better than *Utopian* Asses; so that *Constantius's* own Guard were able to have trampled them to death, without ever drawing Sword; and the Inhabitants of any Count (i. e. a division much answerable to your Shires) in *Utopia* might have knocked them o'th Head with Stones.

Phil. God forgive me! You represent this *Philotimus* as a kind of a fool-hardy Fellow: What! Had not *Constantius* enough to quell these?

Soph. Yes; and those who would have done it presently, if he could have known honest Men and Knaves asunder, and not trusted most to the most faithless. But you mistake the Matter as I am apt to think, that as things then were, and Matters were then managed, if he had not brought over with him an hundred Men, it had been the same thing; for with the first opportunity most of the great Officers of *Constantius's* Army go over to *Philotimus*, and carry with them as good Forces as any the World had, till being in a manner quite forsaken, he was forced to retire to his Metropolitcal City; but finding there no Succour, he first sent away his Queen and the young Prince, and after a small time, being thoroughly assured by his own and his Ambassadors's ill Usage, and the rough Treatment of all his Friends, that no less than the Crown would satisfy his good Son-in-law, notwithstanding all his false Protections and Declarations to the contrary, he endeavoured to convey himself away, as being sensible, that they would not long endure him to live to their Reproach, whom they had deprived of all things but Life.

Phil. He that usurps a *King's Throne*, is obliged to take away his Life to secure his own, which can never be safe whilst the lawfull Prince survives, to whom some time or other the Hearts of the Subjects most certainly return; But is it possible that he got out of their hands?

Soph. He did at last, but after so many Difficulties, Dangers, and ill Usage, that I look upon his Escape as little less than miraculous, and a good Presage of his Return.

Phil. Pray how was it?

Soph. In short thus: His first Attempt was frustrated, he being taken at Sea by his own Subjects, and brought back a Prisoner on shoar to a Port called *Febri-vill*, where the rude Seamen were his Guards, puffing stinking Tobacco in his Face, (which he extremely hated.) And the coming in of the Gentry did not much mend the Matter, for they rather encouraged than checked their Incivilities, especially two of the *Equestrian Order*, *Bovinian* and *Benedict*; the one a proud, stately, political Coxcomb, who over-ruled and ordered all things; the other a busy active Tool, made use of to abuse the *King* in all things; and whilst these gave him up to his Enemies, and suffered not his Friends to come at him, it wanted but little that his Brains were not knock'd out: But being relieved out the hands of these Rascallionee, he returned to his *Metropolis*, where being received with all joy and kindness imaginable, it so alarmed *Philotimus*, that he forbade his stay there; so retiring to a small City, under a Guard of *Gallimaufrians*, before a cleanly Contrivance to take away his Life could be invented, by the help of two Friends he made a very dangerous and yet fortunate Escape into the Country of *Magnanimus*, where he, his Queen, and his Son were kindly received; and there they were when I came from *Utopia*. One thing there is which ought not to be forgotten; under all these Troubles, and barbarous Indignities, such was the admirable Patience and Evenness of Temper of the forsaken *Constantius*, that you cannot believe it, unless your Eyes had seen and your Ears heard it.

Phil. Who would much value any thing in this World, when he sees so great a Prince so quickly and easily reduced to Nothing?

Soph.

Soph. I forgot to tell you the horrid palpable Lies, which helped forward this great turn of Affairs; and indeed I am ashamed to repeat them: As how the young Prince was confidently reported (notwithstanding never any Child's Birth was more clearly proved) to be an *Impostor*; and that *Philotimus* had brought the true Mother along with him; how the People were alarmed in all parts of the Land at once, that the *Ieromians* were coming to cut their Throats, who were a handful of Men in dread of their Lives; and not able to defend them; how Rumors prevailed, that the *Masfram Religion* was to be introduced by Fire, Fagot, and barbarous Massacres, and a thousand other Stories, the Impossibility of which were enough to convince any understanding Man of their Falshood, but that the *Utopians* under such Ferments are a People who greedily swallow the most fulsome palpable Lies that can be invented.

Phil. Well; now I suppose that *Philotimus* has gained his Ends?

Soph. Not so easily as you imagine; for there were three before him, who by the Constitutions of *Utopia* (though *Constantius* had been slain) were to succeed in their turns, of whom one was his own Wife *Astorge*, though not the first; when this was debated, the Friends of *Constantius* began a little to hope and work; but finding it impossible at that time to do any thing for him directly, they moved for a *Regency*, which took with many, as the most plausible and moderate course: Now though I think a *Regency* is allowed by the Laws of *Utopia*, only in case of some natural Incapacity, as *Infancy*, *Laziness*, *Dotage*, &c. yet their Design was well and wisely laid in such an ungovernable Confusion; for their Aim was thereby partly to keep up the Name

and Authority of *Constantius*, and shackle *Philotimus*, by making him accountable; partly that they might gain time to let the Ferment settle; and the People return to their Wits, not doubting but that then an useless and chargeable *Regency* would soon be laid aside; so by this means they hoped both to restore their King, and also to preserve their Constitutions; but *Philotimus*, either by the help of those about him, or by his own malicious Sagaciousness, smelt out the honest Plot, and with Indignation rejected the Offer: So when nothing else would serve his turn, the Rabble growing impatient, and the Endeavours of all honest Men baffled, *Astorge* for fashion sake was named with him, and both (forsooth) triumphantly crowned King and Queen, contrary to all the known Constitutions of the Kingdom; but the Invalidity and Nullity of such Proceedings you and I discoursed at our last Meeting, and the Reasons then given are every whit as firm for the *Utopian* Constitution, as our own; and therefore I shall not enter again upon that Discourse.

Phil. But could his Daughter be easily brought to it, not only to consent to the driving away her Father, but in Person to enter upon his Throne?

Soph. Those are weak Arguments indeed, which will not persuade an ill Person to accept a *Crown*, though none of his own. There were some that dreamed better things of her; but she was so far from expressing any Duty to her Father, (though perhaps it was in her power to have recalled and restored him,) that she kept and managed the Kingdom of *Utopia*; whilst *Philotimus* drove him out of another; for you must know, that the King of *Utopia* hath two other *Crowns*; as being also King of *Caledonia* and *Pernia*. Soon after that *Philotimus*

Iotimus had trickt him out of *Utopia*, the *Hyperboreans* betrayed *Caledonia*, upon Promise that their *Dagon*, the *Kuriack Government*, (as they call it,) should be settled. But still one Kingdom was left to *Constantinus*, to which he repaired; but *Philotimus* had the *Impudence* to pretend that to be an Appurtenance to his other Booty, and that having robbed him of the principal Kingdom, he ought to give up the other as an *Appendix* to it; and accordingly in good earnest sent an Army against him, and afterwards went himself; and the *Ieronians* being poor, and for some Ages being accustomed to the Yoke of the *Utopians*, they did not well quit themselves; and so partly by Arms, partly by Money, were too soon reduced, and the just *Constantinus* dispossessed of all.

Phil. Well; but pray what were the Effects of this brave Feat? Did the *Utopians* much mend themselves; or did the Confederated Princes take *Magnanimus* a Pin lower?

Soph. It did give *Magnanimus* some Trouble; but *Utopia* is not able to doe that under a *green Usurper*, which it can do under a *lawfull* and settled King. But all those Difficulties *Magnanimus* broke through, got ground on them all, and is now arrived to that Strength, that when I left *Utopia*, the People there began to talk, that if the combin'd Princes did not doe something very considerable against the next Summer, he would either constrain *Constantinus*'s Subjects to recall him home, or restore him whether they would or not.

Phil. Why, by this I guess, that the *Utopians* have been no great Gainers by the Bargain.

Soph. Gainers, say you? Infinite Losers! For during the Reign of *Constantinus* they had perhaps but too much Li-

berty, no Taxes, great Trade, and a fair prospect of greater; both King and People were rich, and had not their own Wickednesses and Jealousies drawn Mischief upon them, they were then perhaps the most flourishing Kingdom in the World: but now it is quite contrary, scarce less than forty thousand of those who so basely rebelled against *Constantinus*, squirted out their Lives in *Iernia*; great Sickneses fell into their Naval Forces, and it is said, many were little better than starved for want of Provisions: Those who were sent to aid the combined Princes were ill paid, worse used, and no small part of them either languished away their Lives, or were slain by the Enemy; so that not less than the Lives of a 100000 Men have been sacrificed in this super-brave Adventure.

Phil. They have made a fine Market of it.

Soph. Nay, worse yet: They are harassed with all sorts of Taxes, and so heavy as was never under any Prince's Reign; but which is worst of all, the Money is not raised for their own Defence, nor spent in their own Countrey, but sent abroad, whence it never comes back again; so that if this Trade hold, they in the end must be drained dry, and there is some hopes they may live to see Leathern Money again. As for that little Money that is left, it is so clipt and cropt, that it hath lost above one third of its Value; and yet after all this no body is paid; and it is very pleasant to see how this new Prince runs into the Tradesmens Debts for all Commodities, and makes the Soldiers and Seamen serve him without Pay: And though by this you would think he had no occasion for Money, yet he borrows of all the rich Fools he can find, and by that means he hath raised vast Sums of Money, which

which they are to be repaid at *Latter-Lammas*.

Phil. If these be the Blessings of Rebellion, they alone (one would think) should be enough to make Men out of love with it.

Soph. Hold, good Sir, not too fast; you have not half their Blessings yet, which are so great, and so many, that I am not able to reckon them; but that I may not be too troublesome, I will only give you a taste of some few more, and to leave you. *Trade*, without which *Utopia* cannot well subsist, is in a manner lost, the greatest part of which is engrossed by their mortal Enemies the *Galilimaufrians*, who abuse them at their own Doors; and indeed they are become the Scorn and Reproach of all Nations: And it is not their least disadvantage, that in this Revolution they have not lost fewer than forty Ships of War, which were enough to make a *Navy Royal* for some other Kingdoms; and then for Merchant Ships, they have either perished, or been taken without number; nor doth a Week pass, wherein there is not news of some great Loss or other. And whilst all things thus seem to conspire their Ruine, *Philorimus* plays the Devil and all among them, not only hanging, imprisoning, and fining at pleasure, but making them swear and forswear, as if he were resolved not to leave one honest Man among them; and this they think the onely way to make them *God's Favourites*, by which you may perceive with how great Reason one of his bold Levites, just as I left *Utopia*, styled him, *Their Deliverer from Slavery both of Soul and Body*.

Phil. Heavens blefs me! Were ever Men arrived to that height of Wickedness, as to outface God, and make him the Patron of unheard of Villanies?

Though these People are so far remote, that they are scarce known to us but by name, yet I cannot but comiserate their wofull condition: But is it possible that such a Complication of Miseries, and evident prospect of Ruine, should not make them consider, and think of returning to their Duty, if it were but for their bare Interest's sake?

Soph. Not too much of that, I pray: For Rebellion in this is but too much like the Sin against the *Holy Ghost*, that Men rarely or never repent of it; if you should offer to dispute the Case, and desire them to consider, all you get is some such return as this; one cries, *a Curse on all Consideration*, it's enough to make a *Mad*; o'er Shoes, o'er Boots; I am in, and must go thorough. Another cries, *What should I consider for? I don't care to trouble my self; I cannot help Matters; if I may be as I am, I do not hope to be better.*

Phil. Though you represent their Condition as hopeless, yet by what you say, that People seem not to be altogether insensible that they have done amiss; for refusing to consider is a tacit Confession of Guilt: For why should they refuse to consider, but that they are afraid to awaken their Consciences, which they are aware is ready to fly in their Faces, as soon as ever they look back upon their Actions? But such a Temper is an Argument of a lost People. God himself intimates his Peoples Condition as desperate, when he complains, that they would not consider; and indeed it is impossible, that ever Men should return and repent, if they will not consider of the evil of their Ways; and consequently such must inevitably perish.

Soph. I am afraid their Ruine is nigh; for *quos Deus vult perdere dementat prius*.

Phil. But pray what do you think may be the Reason, that a People should

for themselves in such evil Case, and yet not lay it to heart?

Soph. Truly I think the greatest Reason to be their Aversion to the Religion of *Christianity*, and their Fears that he will impose it on them, and settle it there, if he should return.

Phil. But do you think that he would doe so?

Soph. I do not think that he either will or can; for if they themselves call him *heir*, there can be no fear of it: Nay, they would gain this farthest Advantage; that the Prince his Son would be bred up in the Religion of the Countreys which would secure them for the future, and which is a thing he hath offered: All the danger is, if upon their obstinacy he should return by Force; but even then I think he could not doe it: For besides that the People are so naturally averse to that Religion, that they would never receive it, the Endeavours to enforce it would render them so desperate, that he could never be safe: To plant that Religion there thoroughly, would cost more Blood than was spilt in all the heathen Persecutions; and I cannot imagine, that a Prince should desire to reign in a Wilderness, and destitute of Subjects: Beside, this is least imaginable as to him of all others, whose peculiar Ambition seemed always to have been to have enriched his Subjects, and make his Kingdom strong and flourishing.

Phil. Well; I thank you for this Account. I wish they may not stand in their own Light, but repent before it is

too late: I confess I had once a kind-ness for such kind of ways, but your Discourse hath thoroughly cured me.

Soph. Nay, pray stay: Now I am come home, did not you promise me to acquaint me with the state of our own Countrey?

Phil. I think not; but this I will tell you, I have heard Men philosophically prate of a Sympathy in Animals, Vegetables, and even the most insensible inanimate Creatures; and though I thought my self not much wiser for their Discourse, yet I did believe there was such a Thing; but now I begin to suspect there is more, even a Sympathy between Countreys and Kingdoms.

Soph. What makes you talk at this rate?

Phil. A little time will expound the Riddle; by that you have conversed some time here, you will better understand me; but what if at our next Meeting you should call me that *Heaven's* Twins were not more like each other, nor more sympathizing in all things than are your own Countrey and *Utopia*.

Soph. God forbid! I would not again be in such a *Bedlam* as *Utopia*, for all the World.

Phil. I wish you may find your own home any better; but my Business calls me away, and that must be left to your Experience. Farewell.

Soph. Beshrew your Heart for me; your cautious Suggestion hath put me into a Fright; but my Occasions also want me. Adieu till we meet again.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year, MDCXCII.